

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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What Sweet Delight the Quiet Life Affords

DEAR wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estranged live,
Contented more with what your shades me give
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace!
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's harsh discords,
Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee:
Ah! If I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

William Drummond of Hawthornden

FULL SPEED AHEAD TO THE END

AT last we can see to the end. This is not to say that all the tortuous ways are known, or that we can say how and where the fate of the world will be determined. It is not to say that there will be no more dark hours, no more surprises. But it is to say that time has brought us to a day when we can look out across this fearful earth and say that, come what may, the end is as certain as the blooming of the rose.

To those who believe in our immortal destiny it never was in doubt, yet there have been many who have been perplexed and troubled by the accumulation of evil powers and the coming of calamities in battalions. They have been raining down on us, indeed. Never in the history of mankind was a nation so sorely tried as this small island upon which it has fallen to hold the fort for human liberty and all that makes it worth while.

Marching to His Doom

But the resources of the universe are unfathomable, and the miracle of miracles has been the holding out of the Island while we took up what the golfer calls his stance. The official historian of Hitler's War will find that the manoeuvring for position in its first half was one of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished on so vast a scale. Now this small island stands like David with his pebble in the sling, and all the victories of the ancient Greeks and Romans, all the great battles of two thousand years and more (Marathon, Thermopylae, Hastings, Crecy, Naseby, Blenheim, Trafalgar, Waterloo, Verdun) will be as nothing to the victory that is awaiting us. In this world which he has filled with lies one thing is as sure as the dawn: *Hitler is marching to his doom.*

THERE is no reason why we should not remind ourselves of this supreme factor in the war of mind which is taking place all over the world. We owe it to ourselves. We have enough to bear, our people have enough to suffer, and it would be intolerable if they were not sustained by the conviction that we suffer and endure on the winning side. It was very hard, a poor woman said to us in the train one day, but her face lit up to remember that she was on the winning side. It was easier to bear when she thought of that.

We are marching back to the proud leadership of the world which we had lost, and it is worth the price that we may have to pay.

The Great Alliance

What is it, then, that has set us on the final road to victory? It is the Anglo-American Alliance against German slavery. Test him by any test of true statesmanship and Hitler is a mountebank like Mussolini. No man fit to be a ruler of the world would have brought against his country the whole weight of the English-speaking race for the second time in a generation. It is one of the grossest miscalculations a public man has ever made, and it keeps company with many more amazing blunders of this jumped-up Napoleon—his trust in his Italian partner, his belief that he can keep conquered peoples down, his idea that he can do with other people what he does with Germans, his belief that America would stop if Japan started snarling, his misjudgment of Marshal Pétain, his idea that this country would surrender on the collapse of France.

The only success Hitler has had in the field has been in fighting small nations with his bombs and

tanks, and it is the mark of the bully and the brute. Nothing he has done in Europe can endure. In the long annals of the human race, where the work of the Conqueror, Cromwell, Nelson, and Wellington will live on as an integral part of the basis of freedom, the ravings and actings of Hitler will be as the fluttering of a few gadflies about a strong horse on a hot day.

Roosevelt Immortal

Only such a man would have brought against him the irresistible force of the British Empire and the American Republic, and only a loon will believe that, with these forces against him, he can win the war. By the laws of arithmetic it is not possible. America has more workers in her fields and factories than Hitler has people; if every one of his mothers and babies and all the children in the schools were hard at work they could not catch America up in a thousand years.

It is a triumph without parallel that Mr Roosevelt has accomplished, for he has made the old enemy of this country its great deliverer. It will be good if note can be taken of this across St George's Channel, where memories are very long. Unlike America, Eire responds to no gestures of goodwill. She sits there sullenly nursing tragic memories and petty hates, rejecting the opportunity to close the door on an unhappy past and join the free peoples of the world in saving liberty from destruction.

Thinking of this picture of a small country at our doors that will not forget and will not forgive, we see all the more vividly what it is that the President has done. He has refused to allow the wrongs of the 18th century to hamper life in the 20th. He has blotted out a bad page of history and started a new one. He has made the Republic the Arsenal of Democracy as well as its Larder. He will send us all we want for the duration of the war. He has saved us from the fear of being

short of this or that and from the fear that we cannot afford to pay for it.

It is only those whose minds are half awake who think America talks and does not act; if she has tired us with talking it is only because talking is Democracy's breath of life, and in this case it has been the foundation of the most spectacular act of faith and fate in the history of the world. America will fling her manpower into the war till the Nazis are broken to pieces, and it is enough.

But she will do more. Abraham Lincoln united the two Americas, North and South, by the Civil War; Franklin Roosevelt has united the two branches of the English-speaking race and pledged America to march ahead with us for the moral reconstruction of the world. He has struck Isolationism dead and lifted up the heart of mankind, for his triumph means that for as far as we can see in the future the leadership of the world is safe in the hands of those to whom it can be trusted. Gone for ever is the gloomy prospect of a Nazified world of slaves under the Prussian boot.

The Act of Faith

We must believe that the darkening clouds on Hitler's horizon will lead him to mad and madder strokes, and such events as the mind can hardly contemplate are possible in a maniac's desperate hour. But we shall face the blackest hour, and our people, who have borne the heat and burden of the day so far, will not flinch in the night that comes before the dawn. We are six hundred millions strong and all the riches of the earth are open to us; and we are full speed ahead as long as we have an evil thing to fight.

WE began the war with an act of faith that must always seem sublime, facing a powerfully armed monster with hardly a pebble in our sling. We have not been so effete to have arrived thus far and come within sight of the winning-post after eighteen months.

Arthur Mee



China Carries On

Little Chinese boys carrying water in a Shanghai camp which is being run with American help

MUSSOLINI'S TORTURE CHAMBER

The Black Hole of Somaliland

THE march of the liberating forces in Abyssinia has brought to light an incredible story of horror perpetrated by Mussolini when he was at the height of his power.

In the century-old search for the slave-ships off the African coasts, the British flag was a welcome sight for tens of thousands of unhappy Africans shipped from the ports of Somaliland and the Red Sea; but to none of them could it have been more welcome than the sight of the White Ensign and the sound of the guns of HMS Shropshire to the thousand Abyssinians who had been suffering and starving in noisome sheds at Mogadishu for five years.

The British sailors and soldiers who rescued them were horrified at the brutality with which these Abyssinians had been kept, and with them hundreds of Indian traders and Anti-Fascist Somalis, as well as 70 British seamen captured by Nazi raiders and sent ashore here. The only water supply was a salty well near the beach, and the prison

buildings were lean-to sheds of corrugated iron, in which the heat was terrific. The prison rations were two cups of rice, two cups of beans, an ounce of sugar, and a little tea daily, while meat was distributed twice a week.

Disease was rife, and those who died were hurried to their graves in coarse matting.

This Black Hole of Mogadishu is one more foul stain on the name of Mussolini, and we are not surprised to hear that the Italian gaolers quickly ran up the white flag as the British approached, appealing for protection from the 1300 captives whom they had so horribly treated. In the recent history of cruelty, terrible as it is, is nothing more savage than this torture of 1300 captives by the braggart Mussolini, now himself suffering the tortures of a beaten and broken Dictator.

The Water of Life in the Desert

THE bombs of the Italians have done for the Allies of the modern Greeks what the flying steed Pegasus did in the lovely legend of the ancient Greeks—they have struck the rock and brought forth life-giving waters.

During the fighting in Libya the Italians dropped bombs on the Siwa oasis, with the result that new springs gushed forth, springs that in the future will be used for irrigation as well as for drinking water by the Berbers of this desert-girt settlement on the western borders of Egypt.

An oasis 30 miles long and five miles broad, Siwa has long been famous in history, having been visited by Croesus, Lysan-

der, and Alexander. Here was a famous temple of Jupiter. Earlier Italian bombs brought to light remains of Siwa's past, and when peace comes archaeologists will search the craters for relics of the ancient Greek and other civilisations.

Every student of Greek poetry loves the story of Pegasus, the fiery winged horse which sprang from the blood of the Gorgon Medusa when she was slain by Perseus. The horse flew over Mount Helicon, and, anxious to quench his thirst, descended and struck the ground with his hoofs, whereupon a fountain sprang up, to be named Hippocrene and sung by poets to this day.

THE GULLS FOLLOW THE PLOUGH

Ploughs are busy at this time of year, and so are the birds which follow the plough and clean up the ground from all the exposed worms and grubs. It is one of the thrilling sights to see from a Kent hilltop, where the white gulls mix with the black crows and make a glowing spectacle for this Age of Flight.

The old and leisurely kind of plough drawn by two horses is just right for the seagulls which form a beautiful little cloud of white behind the plough; but the four-share plough drawn by a tractor seems to make life a burden to the gulls. They are not able to clean up the ground fast enough.

Manna From the Sky

Airmen often save both man and beast from starvation. Circling over an island off Queensland recently, some flying men dropped food to sheep stranded there by floods.

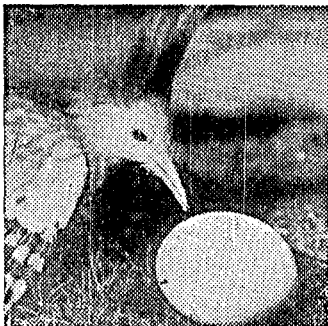
When the men working a certain gold mine in the deep Cascade snows in Washington hear a plane coming they down tools and rush out to wave to the pilot. During winter the snow is so deep that travelling is impossible and, so that the mine can be worked all the year round, an aeroplane drops the miners their food.

Little News Reels

TWO men on Clydeside have been rescued alive after being buried over a week in air-raid wreckage.

The waste of many millions of pounds on the building of military camps is to be investigated by a judge, who will decide if there is ground for prosecution.

A member of Margate Town Council, wishing to prove that this war is different from any other, recalled that during the Boer War there was no fighting on Sundays.



A Kagu from New Caledonia finds an Easter egg at the London Zoo, a present from an ostrich

A sparrow carrying a lighted cigarette-end to its nest 40 feet from the ground set fire to the branch of a tall pine tree in the Botanic Gardens of Christchurch, New Zealand.

From America comes news of a swimming tank, capable of work on land or water, which can do 25 miles an hour on land and 10 on water.

BRISTOL, in Kent, has voted £60 for street-lighting if the war should be over before winter.

An old lady of Bristol who has just passed away (aged 106) ran a soup-kitchen in the Crimean War.

The Red Cross Fund has reached five million pounds.

It must be true that what Lancashire says today the world says tomorrow, for the Australian Premier has just called Mr Churchill a Bobby Dazzler, which is what any Lancashire father would call his indomitable do-or-die son!

A South African pilot made a forced landing in Abyssinia, and a pilot in a single-seater swooped down, picked him up, and flew home with him sitting in his lap.

Scout and Guide News Reel

LORD SOMERS, now hailed all over the Empire as Chief Scout, attends the House of Lords in his Scout dress.

Scouts of South Africa have raised nearly £550 for the Governor-General's War Fund by waste collections.

Patrol-Leader George Collins has been awarded the Silver Cross for gallantry in rescuing three children from a bombed house.

SAYING "I'm a Guide, and I won't be afraid," 15-year-old Una Bicknell ran into a smoke-filled house with her mother, and tackled fires caused by incendiary bombs.

Portsmouth Guides have been helping in numerous ways at a WVS rest centre for homeless people, their outstanding work being to open a nursery and take charge of children.

THINGS SEEN

A taxi-driver stopping his cab to conduct a blind man across Piccadilly.

A notice at a London firm saying that the business has been blown into the next street but one.

The Nazi Thieves HITLER AND HIS LOOT

SO heavy are the Nazi demands on France that it can be stated without exaggeration that every man, woman, and child in that unhappy country is paying ten times the annual tribute that every German was called on to pay as a penalty for Germany's outrageous conduct in the Great War.

Under the Young Plan the reparations paid by Germany at their highest rate amounted to £125,000,000 a year, a tribute other nations enabled her to pay by advancing loans—which she has not paid back. But the sum taken from France this year works out at £827,000,000, or £20 a head. Nor is this all, for the indirect losses due to the invasion, the restriction of business, and the loss of two million soldier-captives who would otherwise be producing goods, is a figure that cannot be estimated.

In referring to this aspect of Nazi frightfulness in Parliament the other day, Mr Butler, our

Foreign Under-Secretary, said that the Norwegian was treated still worse, the annual tribute amounting to £25 a head. Norway is, of course, a land less richly endowed by Nature than France, so that the £68,000,000 demanded from her for the support of the German Army bears very heavily on her brave people. Not only are the Germans looting the country, but are taxing them heavily for the privilege of being robbed by such a noble race.

Altogether Mr Butler showed that Germany was exacting over £1100,000,000 from these two countries together with Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. This colossal theft does not include the gold, jewellery, and other valuables transferred to Germany, or the losses resulting from the purchase of goods by worthless paper. Nor did Mr Butler give the figures for Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, on which the heavy hand of the Nazis is pressing.

It Will Be a Better Country After This

LORD REITH's Ministry of Works is looking well ahead, and we can be sure that Lambeth Bridge House is full of good ideas.

From his windows Lord Reith looks out on one of the finest of our London scenes, and he must look for the coming of the day when he will make the rest of our great city more worthy of its heart.

The House of Commons has been considering this matter, and the Parliamentary Secretary, Mr Hicks, explained that the ministry is at the present moment carrying out new works costing £1,000,000 a week. It has charge of thousands of buildings and pays millions a year in rent, and for the present situation it has raised a mobile corps of house-repairers, with 3000 men for London and 1000 in the provinces, who can be sent anywhere at any time. It is also looking after such a small but vital matter as reducing the ridiculous number of sizes of bricks, so as to make building work easier.

What we like about Mr Hicks's speech is his declaration that it would help us all in the march to victory if we could have before us a clear picture of the country we want to build when peace comes. We want a

great and victorious people worthily housed, he said, amid the cheers of the House.

There were many interesting ideas in the debate which followed.

Mr Lawson, a Labour member, said truly that the country is now in an exalted frame of mind with a capacity for sacrifice almost unparalleled in history, and he hoped the nation would maintain this mood for peace time. If so, there was no problem which could not be solved.

Sir Percy Harris explained the idea so widely felt—that much of the destruction may be a blessing in disguise, clearing the streets of rubbish.

Mr Strauss, member for the beautiful city of Norwich, reminded Parliament that in the 21 years since the Armistice we have destroyed more beauty in town and country than ever before in such a time.

Mr Arthur Greenwood, who is the minister left free without a department so that he can look forward to the better days, assured the House that the ministry is beginning its work and that its great hope is to reconstruct the country for the enrichment of the life of the people.

THE LITTLE BOX ON THE CASH DESK

Many times we have been glad to see on the cash desks of shops a box for some good charity. We are sure that thousands of CN readers have dropped odd coppers into them as they take their change. Now we learn that boxes are kept on David Greig's cash desks in aid of the Shaftesbury Society, which carries on the work of Lord Shaftesbury among the London poor, and last year, the fateful year of 1940 when the hearts of the people as well as their pockets were greatly strained, the amount collected in these boxes was as much as £680.

Act of Mercy

The memory of an act of mercy towards refugees for whom Italian soldiers were responsible may comfort Mussolini in his dire distress.

It was during the Italians' first occupation of the oasis of Kufra, and refugees were scattered about the desert and left exhausted to perish. Captain P. A. Clayton, a British officer, who was on a survey expedition for the Egyptian Government, happened to come upon one party of the refugees, and arranged for food and water to be placed along the route to succour other caravans driven out of their homes by the invaders.

ALL CHILDREN BACK AT SCHOOL?

At one time in the war there were as many as half a million children not attending school. Many schools had been bombed and many children were not in a position to attend schools where available. It is now hoped that very shortly there will be a school place for every child. Damaged buildings are being made good, and shelters provided for all schools that might be attacked from the air.

BOMB PREFERRED

A report was received at a station of the R.A.F. Coastal Command that a big German bomb had fallen in a field some distance away and had failed to explode, so an officer and a corporal set out to investigate.

"We'll approach it singly," said the officer; and the corporal offered to lead the way, but the officer would not hear of it.

Dusk was falling and as they entered an intervening field some shadowy forms were seen.

"Excuse me, sir," said the corporal, "but are those bulls?"

"I believe they are," was the reply.

"Well, I tell you what, sir," added the corporal, nervously, "you lead the way past the bulls, and I'll lead the way up to the bomb."

A DISAPPOINTING VISITOR FROM THE SKY

Cunningham's Comet, which appeared last year, and of which great things were expected, has followed the example of nearly all the comets of the 20th century in disappointing the astronomers. It was expected to be a dazzling object at the beginning of the year, but was late. Then it was hoped it would show a tail millions of miles long in the Spring, as it neared the sun.

But it remained shy and requires a good pair of glasses or a small telescope to reveal itself as a comet at all. But Cunningham's Comet is nevertheless unique among comets. It is the first and only one to reveal hydrogen in its make-up.

MOSQUITO STOWAWAY

A mosquito from Panama has suddenly appeared in Texas and there is no accounting for it except on the supposition that it has arrived by plane.

It has found a home on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, where it breeds in the holes left in the sand by the fiddler crabs of the Gulf. But, according to Dr F. W. Fish, who has discovered the newcomer, it is comparatively harmless. It does not bite man, and is not known to carry disease, so the best may be hoped of this stowaway, in spite of its long terror-suggesting name of *Deinocerites*.

Wellington's Pension

THE Nazi newspapers in Belgium are raising voices of protest because on their national expenditure appears a payment of about £645 to the heirs of the Duke of Wellington. This, they declare, must now come off the Budget.

The pension to Wellington and his heirs was granted for his services at Waterloo, where he was Field-Marshal of the Dutch-Belgian army, which formed a big proportion of his 100,000 men.

While England Waited for Napoleon

It is interesting to recall that from the summer of 1803 until the decisive victory at Trafalgar Sir John Moore was working feverishly on the Kent coast, in the neighbourhood of Sandgate.

Across the English Channel at Boulogne the French artificers were building boats by which to transport a great army for the invasion of England. The marshlands west of Sandgate were the object of this vast flotilla.

So determined was Napoleon to bring England to her knees, and so vast the armies at his disposal, that there were counsellors who advised that our

southern counties should be laid waste, and the main defence of these islands conducted nearer the capital, the idea being that it would be an impossible task for the invading army to bring in its supplies across the Channel. Sir John Moore thought otherwise. He thought the few square miles south of the Downs could be made into a trap to circumvent the wildest schemes of the French.

From the days of the Romans a great dyke had existed to keep out the sea; all that was needed was to blow up the dykes in the event of our fleet being unable to prevent a landing in

force. With the marshlands flooded, Moore said, a few roads alone would be available for the enemy's troops, and he was confident the regiments under his command would be able to hold them. At the foot of the North Downs, from Sandgate to Appledore and southward to Rye, a military canal was dug to serve both as a means of transport for men and ammunition and as a hindrance to an advancing army. With the martello towers which line our coast hereabouts, this peaceful canal still remains to remind us of those two anxious years.

OUR NEVER-RESTING EYES

When our eyes scan the pages of the C.N. they make 300,000 muscular movements in half an hour, or 100,000 if we are beginners at reading, and so read slowly. There are six muscles at work, according to the oculist Dr E. Neumoller who makes this calculation, and these are so arranged as to allow the eye to turn in any direction, as well as to focus it on near or distant objects. As people grow past middle age some of these muscles, which accommodate the eye to its task of focusing, become weaker, so that the eye loses its ability to focus on a page of print held too near, and reading spectacles have to be provided to help it.

POOR DEAD GULL

The news that a dead seagull had been found by the Danube created quite a stir in Budapest newspapers not long ago.

It was a gull from the New World, and had flown 7000 miles from Western Canada to Hungary. On its band was written: Ornithological Station, Saskatchewan.

FROM THE LAKES TO THE BREAKFAST TABLE

During April canning firms are to turn out samples of tinned perch, a fresh-water fish, caught for this experiment in Lake Windermere. If we like the new dainty it will be turned out in big quantities and will be a welcome addition to our food. The fish canners will have old farmhouse recipes as guides. From Windermere alone one and a half tons of perch can be netted, and other Lake-country waters are well stocked.

The fishing has been started by the Fresh Water Biological Association, who are making scientific tests to augment our food supply. One of these is a carp farm, from which we may get fresh carp for breakfast. It is hoped to achieve the Continental yield of 500 pounds per acre of water.



The Beginnings of a Ship

Ships and yet more ships are the great need of the day. Here are men at work on one somewhere in Yorkshire

The Mother's Mite

The Ministry of Pensions has received a letter from a Yorkshire woman of 74 offering her war pension as a contribution to the war effort. "Since the last war," she wrote, "a generous Government has paid me a pension of 9s a week as a token of gratitude for the loss of my son killed in action." She signs herself "A loyal citizen of the best country in the world."

ON THE C.N

Always there is interesting material in the pages of this little paper which is recorded nowhere else.

Joyful News

WASTE PAYS THE RATES

The collection and disposal of salvage at Fleetwood has shown a profit of £600 after paying all wages. Paper alone realised £1068.

UNSAFETY MATCHES

We have become so accustomed to the use of safety matches that a warning is needed about the increased supply of other sorts.

A safety match is one striking only on the chemically-prepared slip stuck to the box. Now we see matches sold which strike on any rough surface and need careful use. They should be kept in a safe place and never carried loose in the pocket.

Queens on a Clipper

SEVERAL precious packages were treated with as much care as if they were royalty on board the Pacific Clipper not long ago.

They were queen bees on their way from America to Australia, and apiarists are hoping the newcomers will be of great value to the industry.

They are remembering that 45 years ago a New South Wales apiarist imported several gold-tongued Ligurians, pure Italians,

THE OLD LADY CARRIES ON

Here is yet another story of a gallant old lady. It is of a dear old soul of 75 who was determined to go out to dinner at night, as had long been her custom, whether Hitler sent his planes or not.

One evening she was caught halfway when the Alert sounded, and a kindly warden approached her. "Well?" demanded the old lady.

"I am here to help anyone who is nervous," replied the warden.

"In that case," said the old lady, "you'd better go to help someone else."

THE EXILE

Many of the town children who have been evacuated into the country have learnt to know the hartstongue fern which festoons the banks of moist ditches with its wavy fronds, so like a strip of seaweed. But this common object of the countryside is in its way a rarity.

We learn from an American botanical magazine that it has found a home for itself in one place only in the United States, namely, at one small spot at Darlington, Maryland. The pretty exile has made its home there for 80 years, but has wandered nowhere else. It is the one English fern which has become naturalised there, as if by accident.

There is an odd significance in that it should have chosen Maryland "my Maryland," so closely linked with the first English settlers in America. Some descendant of a Pilgrim Father may have planted it.

THE KNOW-ALLS OF PRINCES STREET

Edinburgh claims to have the only Allied Information Bureau.

It was begun by Mrs Hodge, of the W.V.S. She got together a few friends to start with, each speaking a different language. Soon they were given an office in Princes Street, and now they are a team 45 strong, speaking twelve languages. They help foreign troops and foreign visitors to shop, to see the sights, and to find homes. They help them at libraries and art galleries. They are asked to do some strange and difficult jobs at short notice, including a request for vestments for a Polish priest, and they have never failed yet.

BABY IS DOING WELL

A Merseyside baby was buried for three days in the debris of her home after an air raid. Her father and mother were killed when the house collapsed, but the rescue party went on tunnelling for the child. All hope was abandoned, but to their surprise cries were heard on the third day of digging, when Baby was found lying in an old-fashioned wooden cradle. She was taken to hospital and is now recovering.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Chocolate Pool

THE men of the Newfoundland Heavy Battery over here, hearing of the shortage of chocolate, resolved to collect all that came their way and give it to London children. Pooling their own parcels, they were able to get together about 700 twopenny bars of chocolate. These were sent to a London air-raid warden and distributed at a station shelter.

We understand that the soldiers feel that the letters of thanks are a sufficient reward. Scrawled on scraps of all sorts, they show the spirit of the common folk of the East End. In Poplar, says a 13-year-old Catherine, you would hardly know there is a war on; "hardly anybody is downhearted and everybody is like Mr Churchill with their thumbs up." A boy of ten declares that he is small for his age, but he has a copper-stick ready if the invaders come."

A Memory

THIS was the moving verse we read the other day in memory of a young airman who fell in 1918, believing he was dying to end all wars:

For his heart's perennial gladness,
For the years scarce touched by sadness,
For the duty dared and done,
For the crown of life well won,
We thank Thee, Lord.

75 YEARS YOUNG

AS we of Shakespeare's country owe so much to Sir Archibald Flower for all that he has done to attract us to Shakespeare's birthplace, may we not salute him in this, his 75th year? We like the verses which he says came back to him as he entered on this fourth quarter of his life:

*Age is a quality of mind,
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer plan ahead,
If your ambitions all are dead,
Then you are old.*

*But if of life you make the best,
And in your life you still have zest,
If love you hold:
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.*

Under the Editor's Table

A BUDGERIGAR likes to go to sleep on its master's nose. And gives the tip to other birds.

A PROFESSIONAL lecturer has been defending free speech. But wanted paying for his.

YOU can keep going on onions for a long time. Also going in search of them.

ITALIAN war supplies are running out. Trying to keep up with the Italian army.

MOLES are said to be a pest. They can't be kept under.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



HITLER'S NEW ORDER

THREE women, two men, and a boy of fourteen have been sentenced to death in Western Poland for listening to the B B C news broadcast.

It is Hitler's New Order at work, the Order which a small group of Anglican Pacifist clergymen is apparently willing to see arrive in this country rather than resist it. We may assure this small group that the heroic spirit of the common people will save them from all risk.

Are You Thankful for Your Quiet Nights?

WE are sure there will be many C N homes in which the Lord Mayor of London's idea of thanksgiving will be welcomed.

It is that we should show our gratitude for a quiet night by dropping a mite (a penny or a sixpence) into a box every time we have one.

If we kept a box in every home and put into it only a penny for every quiet night it would do wonders. Fifty thousand people doing that would be £200 a time; 250,000 doing it only twice a week would raise about £100,000 a year!

If this were sent to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House every quarter day or every half year Sir George Wilkinson would add it to his Air-Raid Distress Fund, and nobody can exaggerate the happiness our quiet nights would give to those whose nights were unhappily not so peaceful.

Crime of Crimes

WHILE we must all desire that the full energy of the nation should be put into the war, it is gratifying to see that the Government is slowly awakening to the gravity of the waste situation.

There are two kinds of waste that are hindering our war work, and therefore helping Hitler. One is the waste of good materials by ordinary people and the failure to collect the waste available on many hands; the other is the waste of Government Departments, one of which has been known to send to Dublin for labour to build a camp in the West of England while England was paying out millions to idle men.

TELLING OUR THOUGHTS

ONE of the strange things about life is the difficulty we find in telling our thoughts.

Thoughts are a kind of music. They mean much more than we can ever put into words. We all know what we think, but how many of us can put our thoughts in a way which satisfies us that we have told the whole truth?

It is certain that Shakespeare never wrote his best play, Michael Angelo never painted his best picture, Christopher Wren never built his best cathedral, and Dickens never wrote his best novel. Beethoven must have heard music that he could never chain down into a composition.

One of our poets has expressed this mystery of the soul in a beautiful way. He tells us that the moths once determined to find out all there is to be known about a flame. They sent out a messenger who came back with certain news, but not enough to satisfy their passion for knowledge. They sent out a second messenger, and this moth also came back with news, interesting but unsatisfying. Then they sent out a third, and this third moth,

Spurred with true desire,
Plunging at once into the sacred fire,
Folded his wings within, till he became
One colour and one substance with the flame.

And then the poet tells us what this means:

He only knew the flame who in it
burned,
And only he could tell who ne'er to tell returned.

Haunting the soul of man down all the long ages of his journey is the idea that to behold God will be to perish in an ecstasy of satisfaction.

True it is that to understand anything perfectly we must love it with a most intense and consuming passion; and true also it is that they who know most are generally least able to tell what they know.

Perhaps it may be said that language is a crude invention which breaks down when the soul puts upon it the strain of uttering its real affections. But he is the genius who can express in beautiful plain words the feelings of the soul, and, as each genius is a foreshadowing of what all men will one day become, we may believe that language will evolve until it is a perfect instrument for the communication of thought.

HERE LIE

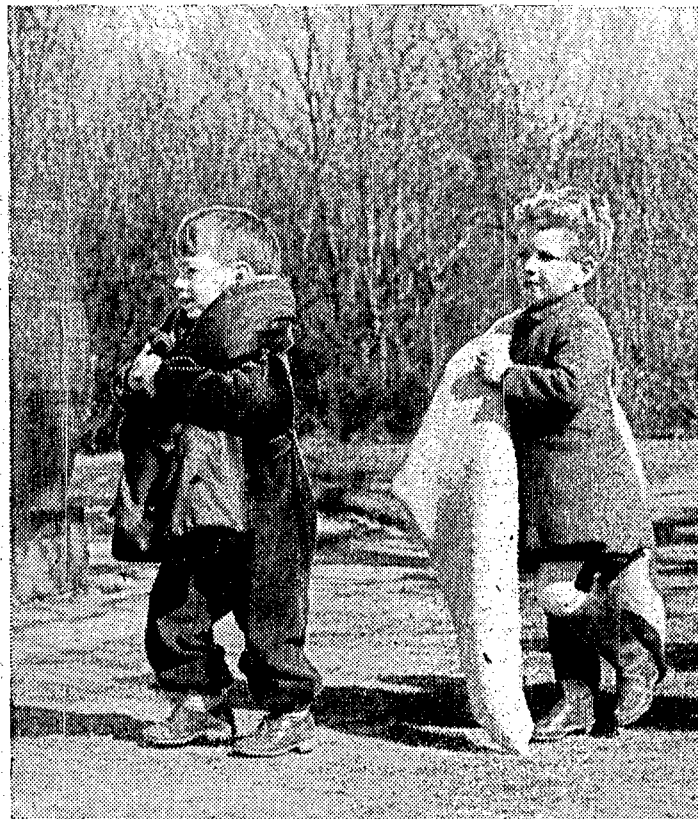
HITLER has ordered a cemetery. It seems a good idea, and we suggest the first epitaph:

Here lie
the wretched remains of
Adolf Shickelgruber,
alias Hitler,
who brought universal
misery upon the world,
burned down many cities,
murdered millions of men,
women, and little children, and
perished amid universal
execration in 1942

JUST AN IDEA

Do you remember the lines in which the Poet made a laughing-stock of the Cynic?

The game was rather rough,
and so one day
The ball decided that it would
not play.



BLANKET PARADE IN THE COUN

A Voice From Greece

We think our readers will be much moved by this letter which has appeared in The Times from a Greek lady who is now in London, Madame Katina Paxinou.

A WEEK or so ago the ship in which I was travelling was torpedoed while crossing the Atlantic.

It was in the darkness, and when morning came the rest of the immense convoy had escaped and we were alone. That afternoon our ship sank and we took to the lifeboats. I was in my lifeboat for 11 hours in a high sea. Then we were found by a British destroyer and brought back to your coast.

While I was on that destroyer I realised that the terrible hours before were a privilege, since they gave me the opportunity to see the burning courage of your Navy and to realise why you can never be beaten. I am still amazed by what I saw on that ship: the strange, sacred glimpse into the core of British character. One day there was an air raid. We were at luncheon. Without a word of command, without any of the loud voices which urge obedience in a militarised State, those officers and men went about their duty as if it were a recreation. The one

sitting next to me turned to the steward and said, "Here, keep the rest of my lunch warm. I'll be back soon." Then he went to his place of duty.

I cannot put my feelings about the character of those men of the Navy into words. They seemed like men of steel, with the hearts of children. One could not wait to feel self-pity over one's own losses. It was the most inspiring experience of my life, and I am so terribly proud, as a Greek woman, to feel that we are the Allies of such gallant, modest men, in whose courage and laughter seem to flourish... so very different from the humourless ferocity of our common enemy.

When I was a little girl in Athens I was taught by my grandmother and then by my mother to look upon England as the protecting shadow over the fate of our little country. When I was quite young I learned the phrase "England can never be beaten."

But I had to go through the experience of being picked up by one of your destroyers from a little lifeboat on the Atlantic before I realised what my grandmother and my mother meant.

Strange Discovery on an Island

A STRANGE discovery of prehistoric mummies has been made by Dr Ales Hrdlicka in the Aleutian Islands. The islands lie in a long chain between Alaska and Kamchatka, and along them in days of old the Asiatic men made their way to America.

In the ice-cold cave of Kagamil on one of the islands Dr Hrdlicka found mummies laid there by the island Aleuts in days before the Russian tribes came. They were mummies of a race still following the rites of the Stone Age; and their mummies were both like and

unlike those of Egypt. They were unlike because they were not laid recumbent in coffins but were folded up in bundles. Those of children were carefully laid in baskets. The adults were in wooden chests. All were wrapped in sea-otter furs, bird-skin robes, which seem to signify that they belonged to the families of chieftains or priests. With them in the cave sepulchre were deposited paddles, pieces of armour, spoons and cups, fragments of beautifully woven matting, placed there, as in the Egyptian custom, for the use of the dead in the world beyond.



FIVE VICTIMS OF NAZI BOMBS

The Great Heap of Bricks

A dramatic and sudden change that occur in well-established industries was recorded by Sir Malcolm Stewart, chairman of one of our biggest brick companies, the other day. The story also shows how a decision prompted by consideration for workers turned out to be of real value to the nation at a critical hour.

Building, with the demand for bricks, practically ceased at the beginning of the war. Steel sandbags were then the most needed, Anderson shelters were hurriedly set up everywhere. Sir Malcolm Stewart decided to make up his mind quickly. Was he to close his works and dismiss hundreds of workers, many of them living in the model homes he had built for them?

Wisely, as it has since proved, he did not do this; his

experience as a Commissioner for Distressed Areas doubtless reminded him of what it would mean.

He decided to carry on as long as possible and make bricks until every stacking yard owned by his company was full to overflowing. Actually he put 250,000,000 bricks into stock before closing down any of his works, though the company was losing heavily.

In the middle of last year came the Blitz, and the demand for steel to replace our huge losses in the campaign which ended so gloriously at Dunkirk. Bricks were then wanted for civilian shelters and more new factories, and the whole vast store had disappeared by the end of the year, when the kilns were in full blast again, restoring prosperity to both master and man.

21 Years of a Fine Crusade

The C.N. sends its congratulations to Mr J. R. F. Turner on the completion of 21 years as Secretary of Oxford's Playing Fields Crusade. Like every true leader, he is an optimist, for he dares to include on the coming season's fixture list a match to Lord's in August—if the weather is over.

With him, we hope it will be, whether it is or not, the memory of the work he and his Oxford friends have done for evacuees in London schools will live on with all who gained health and dexterity thereby. The candid scheme under which

the Oxford colleges throw their grounds open to the local boys, supply them with bats, balls, and wickets, and give them coaching, was extended to embrace 1000 London boy evacuees, a few of whom played cricket well enough to take part in star matches.

This Playing Fields Crusade received a special blessing from B.P., who of all men knew the virtue of organised games. May the college grounds long be open to these humbler players, and may some cricketers of renown spring from them for the better days.

The Time of the Singing of Birds is Come

A London suburb stands a row of houses without doors, tiles, or windows, and with notices bearing the official warning: DANGER posted on them. The owners, escaping with their families, have gone to other quarters, yet the ruins are not quite deserted.

Surprised by a vigorous cooing in one of the bedrooms, a C.N. member paused to investigate.

He discovered a pair of semi-wild homing pigeons who have taken up their quarters in the danger zone.

Over the top of a partly shattered bedroom cupboard they have built a rough nest, which they reach by way of the window on the tileless roof; it was their Spring Song that broke the silence of the melancholy scene as a C.N. friend passed by.

ETERNAL SPRING IS IN HIS HEART

WINTER is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear round me the immortal symphonies of the world to come. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; but I feel I have not said one-thousandth part of what is in me. When I have gone down to the grave I shall have ended my day's work; but another day will begin next morning. Life closes in the twilight, but opens with the dawn. Victor Hugo

GOD'S LONG WAIT

WHETHER my discoveries will be read by posterity, or by my contemporaries, is a matter that concerns them more than me. I may be well contented to wait one century for a reader, when God Himself during so many thousand years has waited for an observer. John Kepler

Things of Dearest Worth

THESE are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth:
And best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

Henry Van Dyke

Be Firm But Prudent

IN adversity be spirited and firm, and with equal prudence lessen your sail when filled with a too fortunate gale of prosperity. Horace

A LOAF OF BREAD

A LONELY field set wide to sun and sky;
Brown furrows turned in crumbling rows to dry;
A hundred dawns to blaze above the land;
Staunch hearts to love the soil, and understand.

It isn't only loaves of snowy bread,
It's life and death and blood and bone instead.
A hundred failures, sweat and toil and pain,
Seedtime and harvest, sun and wind and rain.

Only a loaf of bread baked white and sweet,
Set in a bakeshop window by the street,
Holding within its crust the golden span
Of all the struggles in the life of man. Edna Jacques, Canada

Prayer For All

LORD, receive our supplications for this house, family, and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous; lead us out of our tribulation into a quiet land.

Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Help us and them; prolong our days in peace and honour. Give us health, food, and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavours. Cause injuries to be forgot and benefits to be remembered.

Let us lie down without fear and awake with exultation. Robert Louis Stevenson



CARRY ON

GOD IS WORKING HIS PURPOSE OUT

GOD is working His purpose out, as year succeeds to year;
God is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing near:
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God;
Give ear to Me, ye continents; ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious gospel of truth may shine throughout the world:

Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed,
Vainly we hope for the harvest till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea. Canon Ainger

The Greatest of These

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long; and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Be Merciful

A ROBIN-REDBREAST in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.
William Blake

APRIL

THE children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping. Lucy Larcom



Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?
Dost Thou Know Who Made Thee?

THE GOOD NAME OF OUR CATTLE HERDS

Heavy Price of Keeping the Strain Pure

IN these anxious days we cannot turn our eyes away from the ills and perils that beset the animals among us, which are our care and our support.

One of the chief perils is that of the mysterious foot-and-mouth disease which falls like a plague on cattle, sheep, and goats. None can say how it comes or why; but when an outbreak occurs it sends a thrill of fear through every farmer, because there is no telling how far and wide it will spread. In this country local outbreaks occur, and our national policy is first to isolate the animals attacked, and secondly to prevent this most infectious of diseases from spreading by slaughtering the cattle that are beyond cure. Cure is often so doubtful that it cannot be risked.

This method of dealing with the disease is like that which used to be adopted in prairie fires—to create a local fire so that the bigger one should have nothing to burn when it approached. It seems cruel, and many protests have lately been made against it. But it is cruel to be kind.

Confidence in Our Cattle

The fact is that we take the most severe precautions imaginable to preserve the purity of our herds, so that all countries come to us with absolute confidence for cattle to breed. In no other land is the same complete confidence felt that cattle will be free from the taint of disease, and it is worth much to have such a good name in the world. It is only at a great price that we can keep it; the C.N. itself recorded a few years ago one of the most terrible holocausts of cattle ever known, when thousands were burned in a heap which took days to disappear, and could be detected for miles in the west country.

Against foot-and-mouth disease, as has been said about the night bomber, there is no complete defence. It is caused, not by a germ, but by an invisible virus, one of the smallest known,

All Somerset in One Volume

Of books about Somerset there is no end. Here at last is a book that is different. It will be immensely popular; it is incredibly accurate; it deals adequately with 474 towns and villages; and it is lavishly illustrated.

The Somerset volume, which has now joined the august company of Arthur Mee's King's England series, is a noteworthy addition to the county's literature. We expected something outstanding when it came to our county, and we have certainly got it. Mr Mee has done us handsomely.

Here is a book which every Somerset dweller must possess if he would enter fully into his heritage. At half a guinea it is a gift.

Weston Mercury on Arthur Mee's Somerset (Hodder & Stoughton)

only a quarter-of-a-millionth of an inch in size. No vaccine or serum has till now been made from it to serve as a preventive or a cure. For more than 30 years research has been made to find such a preventive in all the pathological laboratories of Europe. In England alone it has been pursued with every resource of scientific ingenuity. Many thousands of pounds have been spent in this research.

Mystery of the Carriers

Even ships have been requisitioned, so as to isolate the work and the workers from the entry of the virus from any outside source or from any carriers of it. What such carriers are no one knows. Hedgehogs, rabbits, even starlings, have been suspected, and it has been suggested that it may be carried by wind-borne dust. All that is certain is that it comes, unseen, unknown, and that any animal affected by it will assist in spreading it, if only by depositing it from its injured hoofs on the mud of the farm and fields.

One way, and one way only, remains of keeping the plague in check, in the present state of knowledge. It is to isolate the cattle in the locality of infection, and to slaughter those badly infected with it, so that they may not spread it among others. There is no question of saving or conserving valuable breeding stock by this desperate expedient. The plague attacks all alike. The reason for the slaughter is to save the many, not the few.

The Watchful Ministry

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Four years ago the plague reached Europe. It broke out in the South of France, apparently introduced by sheep imported from Algeria. By the end of the year there had been at least 130,000 outbreaks in France, 63,000 in Belgium, 100,000 in Holland, and 36,000 in Germany. Each of these outbreaks involved great numbers of animals, so that the total of cattle involved during 1937 must have been very large.

With a disease of this type spreading so freely and so widely on the Continent (where no slaughtering policy is carried out) it was impossible that Great Britain should escape; but thanks to the watchful Ministry of Agriculture and its officials, together with the loyal cooperation of the farming community, the total outbreaks in this country up to the end of the year only reached 187.

The disease was not over by the end of the year, but it cost the Continent several millions of pounds, and this sum is likely to increase, while our own country suffered comparatively lightly. The cost here averages not more than £100,000 a year.

In a time like this it is all important that our herds and flocks should not be exposed to any risk that wise, if severe, precautions can avert.

The Turk is in Our Garden

SPRINGTIME BEAUTY

We have always known the Turks as a brave and warlike people, but who remembers to thank them for their share in the glory of our gardens? Yet we owe our tulips and lilacs to them.

They were the first to cultivate the wild Balkan tulip and the first to coax the wild white Persian lilac into a growth good enough for a place in park and garden.

Ogier de Busbecq, a Flemish ambassador serving at the Court of Suleiman the Magnificent in Constantinople, took both tulips and lilacs from the Turkish capital when he moved on to Vienna, and there these flowers attained European fame.

His triumphs in diplomacy and literature are forgotten, his collections of coins and manuscripts dispersed, but his lilacs and tulips, scattered far and wide today and reinforced by species of which the ambassador never heard, bid us remember him.

John Verrall of West Hartlepool

The name of Jack Cornwell, the gallant boy V.C. of the Great War, will not perish, and we may believe that his example of courage and fortitude has inspired many heroes of these dangerous days. Perhaps it was of him that John Verrall was thinking when the challenge came to him not long ago.

A messroom boy of 17, he was making his first trip to sea when a German plane attacked his steamer. The anti-aircraft gun was manned, and John was posted to aid the gunner. Time after time the plane swooped down, raking the decks with machine-gun fire till the gunner fell mortally wounded. Then John Verrall of West Hartlepool took charge of the gun, keeping up a constant fire against the enemy. Other members of the crew were killed, but John stood calmly at his post, never flinching, never deserting his gun for shelter. He did his duty till the ship was abandoned, and then, picked up by a destroyer, he returned to port.

Nature the Lumberman

Forest fires fought with much determination and skill in the Western States of America are no new thing. They raged before the white man set foot there, and recently proof has been forthcoming that they laid waste the forests of Wisconsin during two centuries between 1465 and 1640, from the Wars of the Roses to the days of Hampden and Cromwell.

In this holocaust Nature seems to have been acting as a conscientious lumberman, sweeping away tangled and overcrowded woodlands to make room for new growth. The new growth was the present hardwood forest, now past its maturity. This must pass to make way for great stands of white pine; but the Forest Fire Protection men have to see to it that the lumberman's work is done under strict supervision.

MARS GROWING IN BRIGHTNESS

Earth Pursues the Planet of War

JUPITER and Saturn will soon vanish from the evening sky, which will remain bereft of visible planets until Mars in all his fiery radiance appears, writes the C.N. Astronomer.

Saturn is now low in the west and not easy to see in the twilight, though Jupiter, which is much brighter and a little way above Saturn, may be easily discerned for about another month, until he too is lost in the sunset glow. Thus both these worlds that have been so long together in the evening sky are speeding to regions far

indicating his apparent progress eastwards during the next month. This path is through the constellation of Capricornus, the Sea-Goat, and it may be noted that next week Mars will pass below the third-magnitude stars Alpha and Beta, and in three weeks' time he will pass close above the stars Gamma and Delta of that constellation.

The progress of Mars may thus be seen to be very rapid in his race from the Earth, the distance he covers averaging 1,300,000 miles a day.

The stars Alpha and Beta in Capricornus, with which Mars will be in line at the beginning of next week, are of particular interest—Alpha because, if looked at with sharp eyes or through glasses, it will be found to be composed of two stars of almost equal magnitude, and a pretty sight seen even from this great distance. This amounts to nearly 251 light-years' journey, whereas the light reflected from Mars at present takes only 12 minutes to reach us; from this we gain some idea of their relative distances.

Beta is even more interesting, as this star is composed of three suns at a distance of about 84 light-years' journey. One is a replica of our Sun, but very much larger and radiating about 30 times more light and heat. At a great distance from this is a companion sun about twice the size of ours but otherwise very similar, while round it revolves a much smaller planetary body, or fiery world, which radiates only one-twentieth the amount of light that our Sun does.

A Destroyed World

This world-to-be takes 3 years 283½ days to revolve round its larger central sun, from which it is at a distance averaging about 212,500,000 miles. There may be other worlds in that solar system, that appears to be so much like our own, but greater powers will be needed to reveal them. This, one, revealed spectroscopically, would just take the place of the destroyed world that appears to have once existed between Mars and Jupiter, were it a member of our Solar System, and would at present appear like a tiny sun and therefore deprive us of much of our nightly blackout. G. F. M.

This Kind World

Not long ago we told the story of a family that will see the sun no more, one bomb having blinded a father, mother, and little girl, and killed a small boy.

The little blind child has been received into the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies run by the National Institute for the Blind, and we have been delighted to receive a few donations for the Society which we have passed on to it. One is for £3 5s, collected by the children at the noon service in an old

church among the Scottish hills, at Monkland, by Airdrie.

Mr Sherwood Gunson, the minister, having told the children the C.N. story, the children nobly responded with this generous contribution to the happiness of a blind child.

Other gifts received have brought the total to £5 16s; and the Methodist Sunday School at High Peak in Derbyshire sent a Teddy Bear and some chocolate.

Never was a kinder world than this, in spite of all.

The Safety of Our Ships

OUR safety is bound up with our ships, and the losses have been very great. In the last war the situation was saved by the Atlantic Concentration of Shipping, our ocean convoys having the protection not only of the British Navy, but of the American, French, Italian, and Japanese fleets. Now we have only our own fleet to rely on, while the Germans have command of splendid submarine bases denied to them in 1917.

Moreover, our ships are now attacked by long-distance bombers, based on French occupied territory; and German surface raiders have greater liberty of action, because so much of our Navy is employed in the Mediterranean.

In this situation it is imperative to secure many more merchant ships, and to build or otherwise command many more protecting vessels and aircraft. Nothing less will serve.

I Vow to Thee, My Country

It is not too late to tell this story of the big heart of Sir Walford Davies.

When the Guiding Book was being compiled, the book which tries to show something of the traditions and aims, the examples of great men and women, and the ideals of service and loyalty which find expression in the Scout and Guide Law, the editor wrote to Sir Walford Davies and asked him to compose some music which could be included in the book.

"I will do so gladly," he wrote back, "but only if you find words for which the music can be an accompaniment, words that will bear repeating by boys and girls night and morning, words of which they will never tire."

The editor searched through book after book; she sent copies of more than fifty poems to Sir Walford Davies, and always his acknowledgment was the same: "These words are not inspiring enough."

Time was getting on; there were only three weeks left before the Guiding Book was to be in the printer's hands; and then the editor came across some verses written by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, who was once our ambassador to the United States. One night before he was going to leave this great servant of England had a vision of what his country stood for and what dedication to her service must mean. The vision at once took shape beneath his pen, and, although he never saw England again (for he died suddenly the next day), the words he set down

will live on in the hearts of men.

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know.
We may not count her armies; we may not see her king;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering.
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

On receiving a copy of these verses Sir Walford Davies sat down instantly at his piano and composed the most haunting music for them, the copyright of which he presented to the Girl Guides. His manuscript arrived when the editor of the Guiding Book was in camp, and she propped it up on a tree and played the melody over for the first time to the Guides on a clarinet. Sir Walford was characteristically delighted when he heard about this, as he was always striving to bring music into the lives of everyone in the most natural and simple form.

Gustav Holst has also composed a setting to the same words, but they have a more formal element, and not the haunting beauty of the Master of the King's Musick.

TWO MEN HAVE A DAY OUT

AMONG all the stories of dash and daring are few to compare with that of two Britishers who thought they would take a hand in winning the war.

One is a wireless operator, the other a pilot. The pilot's plane is an out-of-date machine incapable of travelling more than 60 miles an hour, and, so far as we know, is still being piloted for the Kenya Defence Force.

It happened one day that the pilot, tired of flying patients to and fro, felt that he must have an exciting experience of some sort. The wireless operator felt so too, and the guilty pair found a 40-gallon oil drum, filled it with high explosive, attached a fuse to it, and set off in the plane with their cargo. The draughty old plane carried them towards the Italian front, where an enemy fort was their objective. Over this fort they flew, the pilot dodging anti-aircraft fire, and the wireless operator holding the heavy drum of high explosive in position.

A Gigantic Explosion

Presently the plane dropped till it was only a few hundred feet above ground, and then came a sharp order from the pilot. "Push it out, Jack!" he said.

Jack opened a door, threw his weight against the drum, and sent it hurtling down. He saw it drop in the innermost square of the defences and roll up to the door of the central building. Then he saw a gigantic explosion, and when the smoke had cleared away, and the dust had settled, the two madmen discovered that they had wrecked the fort, and, satisfied with their excitement, went home to tea.

Mystery Island

A NEW importance is attached to Anticosti, the big island, at the entrance to the Gulf of St Lawrence, because owing to its strategical value Canada may see fit to adapt it to new purposes.

For many years it has been a mystery island and has remained unsurveyed and only partially explored, in spite of its 3000 square miles of wilderness and forest, its fishing and its wild life (which includes bears). It was found as long ago as 1654, and for some generations was colonised by the French, with the approval of Louis the Fourteenth. The colonists were so advanced that among their imports from France were violin strings and coffin handles. In our own time it was bought by Henri Menier, whose name is (or was) so well known on bars of chocolate. He built a sumptuous shooting lodge on the island and lived there, but since his death it has been untenanted, and seemed till lately likely to remain so.

NEXT WEEK'S CN

Owing to Easter the CN will be ready on Tuesday next week instead of Thursday. It is now more than ever necessary to give your news-agent an order to reserve a copy for you each week.

The Clever Raven of Wellingborough

A chartered accountant who reads the CN sends us from a Northamptonshire village this story of a remarkable raven he remembers in his native town.

THIRTY years ago in my native town of Wellingborough the manager of one of the breweries owned a raven. The bird was free to roam the brewery yard, from where he found his way into the town.

He was to be seen any day in our main street, walking about the roadway; standing on the pavement and attracting much attention. On his outward journey he did not fly much, making his leisurely way some 300, or 400 yards to the centre of the town, to be greeted by the policeman on duty at the corner of the main street. There he would stay some time, perhaps visiting the horsetrough at the fountain. Then he would go up the main street, where he would stop at the butcher's for scraps.

Farther on in the High Street I have seen him standing on the steps of the Conservative Club, saying "No Tariff Reform, No Tariff Reform," to the great amusement of all. He had also been taught to say "Poor old chap." Edgar Allan Poe's raven knew only one word, but Jack had a wider vocabulary.

Jack and the Saucer

My father's house stood in the High Street, standing back 20 yards from the road, and one morning when I was living at home we heard Jack in the garden. I took out some porridge in a saucer, putting it on the gravelled drive. Jack gave a peck, his beak hitting the saucer a hard rap, but as he got very little porridge he took the edge of the saucer in his beak, turned it upside-down and back again, and then started to feed on the contents he had emptied on the gravel.

After this he came often, and if not noticed would tap at the bay window. When not hungry he would bury his scraps in the

loose earth of a round flower-bed. One day he was annoyed to find the bed planted with auriculas. After an inspection he pulled them all out, laying them neatly on the grass round the bed. By the next visit they had been replanted, and the bed fenced with short sticks, about 15 inches out of the ground, too close for him to get between. This puzzled him and required consideration. After going round the bed he decided that they must come out, and by standing tiptoe, using his wings, he got hold of the top of one of them with his beak, and worked it from side to side. As pulling and tugging did not bring it out he pecked it through at the base. After that we used very high bamboos to keep him off.

The Puzzled Terrier

Anyone walking up High Street crosses Queen Street. One morning I found Jack standing in the middle of the road at the crossing, and on the path was a crouching terrier growling and snarling, getting ready to attack the raven. I stopped to watch.

Jack did not seem to take any notice of the dog, until suddenly the dog rushed at him, pulling up by sliding the last two or three feet across the road on the opposite path. Puzzled to know where the bird had gone, he looked back, and there was Jack standing calm and unruffled, still in the middle of the roadway. At the proper moment he had mounted into the air a couple of feet and let the terrier pass under him!

The dog, after summoning up his courage, attacked again, and the same thing happened, and after the third attempt the dog gave it up as a bad job and turned to go quietly down the street. Jack now took three long hops and tweaked the terrier's stumpy tail. That dog was not only beaten, but utterly routed. He let out a yelp, and didn't stop to see how much of his tail was left, but went down the street like the wind.

WHY IS EDUCATION FREE?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. The other day I heard someone ask why education should be free. The questioner answered it by asserting that education should be paid for so that people should value what they bought. Do you think that right?

Man. Let us first answer another question, "What is Education?" then we shall better understand what we are talking about. Education is not merely knowledge bought at a school and served out by teachers who have themselves bought knowledge as something to sell.

Boy. That is the common idea about education, isn't it?

Man. I fear it is. Indeed, in the old days many schools were little better than knowledge-shops, with prospectuses offering subjects for sale, some amusingly called "extras." True education, as the classic original word implies, means bringing up children, rearing them, drawing out the best that is in them. No school can do that by cheaply stuffing heads with facts. Education should cultivate our mental and physical faculties while imparting good information. Such work is very expensive, and so we come to the question of paying for it.

Boy. I see that. It is not merely a matter of buying knowledge, but of acquiring a way of life.

Man. And now we can fully appreciate the case for free education. Admittedly, the mass of our people are not in a position to pay for such an expensive process. It is the nation's best interest to cultivate all its children, while only some people can afford to pay for the proper education of their little ones. Therefore we make education free, in the endeavour to give a good opportunity in life to all. It is in the interests of all that the whole nation should be educated, and so we pay for it out of local taxes and national taxes. As most of the public revenue is raised from the well-to-do, the better off a man is the more children he pays to educate. As our ideas of culture are constantly widening, the education bill grows bigger and bigger. It will have to be far bigger than it is if we are to raise all our people to a high standard.

Boy. Yes, I see. And why should education be administered only to children?

Man. That is a question which is worth answering, but not now.

BEDTIME CORNER

Billy From Poplar



YOUNG Billy from Poplar was very happy in the old Devon farm. Never before had he been out of London, and the sights and sounds of the country filled him with delight.

It was only a little farm, and very soon he knew every animal on it by name. Each morning, directly after breakfast, he would run round to see how they were getting on.

It was all so new and exciting that Billy almost forgot he had ever had another home. He might even have forgotten his mother, if she hadn't sent him a postcard every Monday morning. Billy just looked at the words scrawled on it, "Love from Mum," and never gave it, or her, another thought.

But one night, when he woke up with toothache, he wanted her badly. The ache grew worse. It was so bad that the tears fell and made a damp patch on the pillow.

Suddenly the door opened, and Nancy, the stable cat, slipped in. She leapt up on the bed and put out a paw. But when Billy tried to stroke it she turned and darted away. Billy could hear her pattering down the stairs.

In a few minutes she was back again, carrying something in her mouth.

It was a kitten, a little new-born kitten!

Nancy sprang up on the bed and laid it gently in the crook of Billy's arm.

Billy smiled, his pain forgotten, and cuddled the little creature to him.

A few minutes later Nancy came back with another kitten, which she laid beside the first. And then another, till she had laid all three in Billy's arms.

Dear Nancy! She had brought her precious family to comfort him.

THE BRAN TUB

Not For Publication

Budding Author: At last I have written something that a paper has accepted!

Friend: Congratulations. What is it?

Budding Author: A cheque for six months' subscription.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

Th horn teach myrrh made nose,
Buy seize wear awl groat ales;
Hear chilled wrens port inn-rose,
Seek your gain steal sand wails.
Sum son there yell oh hare,
Sums whim threw sigh leant baize;
Sow form sand fay says fare
Shy never knight sand daze.

Read it quickly and you will see that the sounds give you this verse.

A HAUNT each mermaid knows,
By seas where all grow tails,
Here children sport in rows,
Secure 'gainst eels and whales.
Some sun their yellow hair,
Some swim through silent bays;
So forms and faces fair
Shine ever nights and days.

Social Note From Jungletown

MR GIRAFFE thinks he is very hardly done by because he has a sore throat, but our sympathy is entirely with Mr Centipede, who, we understand, has chilblains on every foot.

WITH GREAT CARE

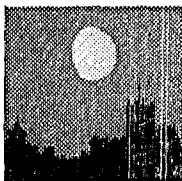
BILL BROWN went to London to shop,
And longer, for pleasure, did stop;
When a big box arrived—
Mrs Brown scarce survived.
For she read "Bill inside" on the top!

Will You Go With Hugo?

WILL you go with Will Hugo?
Will Hugo will go if you will go
with Will Hugo. When you go with Hugo, Hugo will go when you go.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the west. In the morning Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 p.m. on Sunday, April 6.



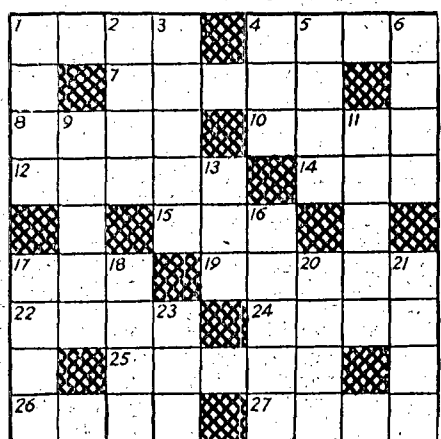
MASCULINE AND FEMININE

In England, rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames.
Whoever in America sails
Finds them Ma'am-selles or Dames;
For there the softer sex presides
Aquatic, I assure ye;
And Mrs Sippi rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Sourie.

Reading Across. 1. A uniting tie. 4. A piece of work to be done. 7. Belonging to a town. 8. A State united by treaty. 10. A kind of turf used as fuel. 12. This strengthens a feeble electric current and sends it on. 14. Grief. 15. River famous in song. 17. Popular food-fish. 19. To compose as author. 22. The burden of proof. 24. To wander. 25. A steersman. 26. To peep. 27. To be noisy in declamation.

Reading Down. 1. Bruin. 2. Invalid. 3. A wood nymph. 4. A faucet. 5. Over again. 6. A flying apparatus. 9. An acid fruit, now scarce. 11. The great artery. 13. Tree common to churchyards. 16. A mistake. 17. A kind of pen. 18. One who is deceived. 20. A jot. 21. To send forth. 23. Knight's title.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Answer next week

NATURE'S NEWS REEL FOR APRIL

ROOKS are hatching out
Redbreast and blackbird laying
House sparrow builds its nest
Pheasant's spring note is heard
Chiffchaff's note is heard
The last fieldfare flies away
The grass snake appears
Ivy berries are ripe
Poplar, larch, and blackthorn flower
Young robins hatch out
Song-thrush and stock-dove lay
Wren and chaffinch build nests
Willow-warbler and goldfinch sing
The common lizard is seen
Plum, pear, and cherry flower
Laburnum, birch, sycamore in leaf

Titmouse, jackdaw, and peewit lay
Blackbird and song-thrush hatch
Note of the marsh-tit ceases
Frog tadpoles are hatched
Queen wasps appear
Squirrel starts building
Wood anemones come into flower
Maple and hornbeam are in leaf
Chaffinch and linnet lay eggs
So do the kestrel and jackdaw
Song-thrush and moorhens hatch
Swallow and cuckoo are heard
Large tortoiseshell butterfly seen
Buttercups and bluebells in flower
Blackbirds, robins, and rooks fledge
Ringdove and chaffinch hatch out

Do You Live at Hertford?

HERTFORD was originally spelt Herutford, and heort or hert means a hart. The name of this town therefore means the ford of the hart, and is no doubt a reference to a ford on the River Lea at Hertford used by deer.

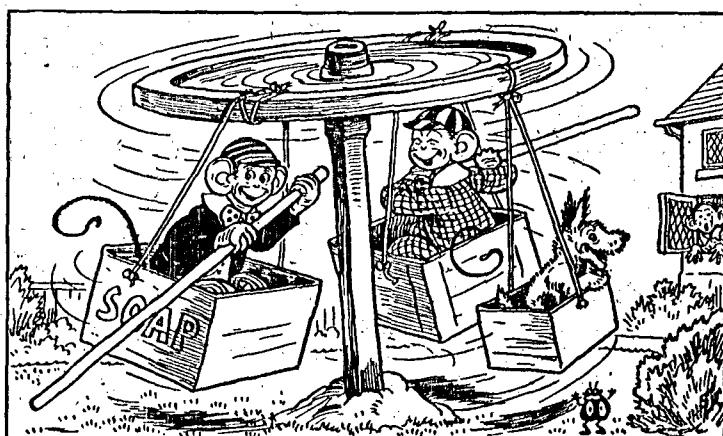
MAGIC SENTENCE

HERE is a sentence that is exactly the same whether read forward or backward:
Nor I nor Emma had level'd a hammer on iron.

RATIONED

To turn a penny, once a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit:
Hung out a board, on which he boasted
"Dinner for threepence, boiled or roasted."
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye and smacking lip:
"Here, bring this boiled and roasted, pray!"
Enter potatoes dressed each way.
All instant rose, the house forsook,
But not before they'd kicked the cook.

Jacko on the Roundabout



Jacko was in despair. There was a fair in the village, and his money-box was empty. "No use going," growled Chimp, "if we can't get a ride on the roundabout." "We'll make one of our own," Jacko cried. And so they did. With an old cart-wheel and some soap-boxes they made a beauty. Round and round they went in fine style!

Ici on Parle Français

The Bantams

A reader who has three bantams as pets sends this note.

When the door of our hen-house is opened in the morning the bantam cock and two hens run into the house and come upstairs to my bedroom. If I am not out of bed they perch on the bed rail until I get up. When I call them they fly on to my shoulders.

Les Bantams

Un lecteur qui a apprivoisé trois bantams nous communique ce qui suit.

Dès qu'on ouvre la porte du poulailler le matin, le coq bantam et les deux poules se précipitent dans la maison et montent à ma chambre à coucher. Si je suis encore au lit ils se perchent sur la barre du lit jusqu'à ce que je me lève. Quand je les appelle, ils volent se placer sur mes épaules.

How Many Ducks?

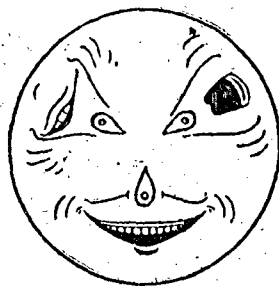
SWIMMING across a village pond were a duck between two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck in front of two ducks. How many were in the row?

Three

OUGH

Tis not an easy task to show
How o-u-g-h sound; since *though*,
An Irish *lough*, an English *slough*,
And *cough*, and *hiccough*, all allow,
Differ as much as *tough* and *through*,
There seems no reason why they do.

Three-Faced



We have often heard of people being two-faced, but here we give a portrait of a three-faced person.

How George Morland Wrote His Name

AMONG the delightful group of painters of English life of about a century ago one of the best known today is George Morland, a Londoner, who lived from 1763 to 1804. He painted moralities rather like those of Hogarth, but his most spirited work was done in his robust pictures of stables, farmyards, and animals. This is how he wrote his name:

George Morland

HELP!

A FAMOUS divine when an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, called at the rooms of a fellow student who was absent, but who had left on his table the two opening lines of a poem. These were in the following lofty strain:

*The sun's perpendicular rays
Illumine the depths of the sea;*

The visitor thought this was a good opportunity to help his friend, so he completed the verse thus:

*And the fishes, beginning to sweat,
Cried, "Goodness, how hot we shall be!"*

LAST WEEK'S POSER

Gilbert and Sullivan operas:

1 The Gondoliers. 2 Ruddigore. 3 Princess Ida. 4 Utopia Limited. 5 The Grand Duke. 6 The Yeoman of the Guard. 7 Iolanthe. 8 HMS Pinafore. 9 Patience. 10 The Mikado. 11 The Pirates of Penzance. The only operas of the famous series lacking an afterthought second name are The Sorcerer and Trial by Jury.

Wonders of Animal Life

31. The Hiding-Place of the Sirex Grub

One of the most marvellous and inexplicable things in nature is the way in which the ichneumon wasp finds out where a sirex grub is living inside a tree trunk. The sirex, or giant-tailed wasp, bores a hole in a trunk and deposits an egg, which hatches out into a grub. Then there appears on the scene the little ichneumon wasp (Rhyssa persuasoria) and hurries over the trunk, pausing here and there, till at last it comes to a standstill immediately over the spot where the sirex grub is living. This it has found out in some mysterious way, for there is no outward indication. The ichneumon then inserts its ovipositor through the bark and

wood, pierces the skin of the grub, and lays an egg inside, which hatches out and lives on the grub.

32. The Bird's House With Rooms

The baya weaver-bird weaves a nest of grasses and strips of palm leaves, and suspends it from the branch of a tree. Inside, the nest is divided into two apartments, one being reserved for the eggs and the other as a sitting-room for the family. It is said that the birds carry fireflies into the room, sticking these to lumps of clay, and a writer in Nature vouched for the fact that several glow-beetles are stuck round the entrance to frighten off marauders. Rats scamper off when they see the light.

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.
Sold everywhere, 7½d., 1/1d. and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax).

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477,666) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INKDUCT HOLDS THE INK.
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JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood. For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act, gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).